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CHAS. F. SCOTT.

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CONFESSIONS



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Before I had time to reply, Plunk, with his usual presence of mind and adroitness, coming to the rescue, tapped his forehead. I took the hint and stood mute. The officer was not convinced. He then turned to Margaret.

"You?"
 "What do you wish to know, colonel?"

"Who are you?"
 "My name?"
 "Yes."

"Margaret Beach."
 The officer was getting no information to enable him to judge of us, and seemed puzzled what to do. In such work he was evidently not an expert.

"Well," he said, at last, "you'll have to go to the guard-house and stay there till I can find out more about you."

"Colonel," said Margaret.

"Well?"

"Let me speak with you alone."

He cast an inquiring glance at her, then led her out of hearing.

We watched them talking, Margaret speaking confidentially, the colonel with every word becoming more attentive.

O, my God! she would never talk that way with him unless she were friendly to his cause. There is some deep-laid scheme which she has been working from the first. She is explaining it all to the confederate.

He takes her hand and looks at her kindly. She turns to come to us. He lifts his hat with all the grace of the truly polished southern gentleman.

Mark!

There was a distant sound of horses' hoofs, but so indistinct that I was about concluding I was mistaken when I heard a sudden turmoil on the outer limit of the camp, with shots, indicating a sudden attack. The colonel called for his horse, mounted and rode to the front.

We three stood breathless, waiting developments. Bullets began to sing by our ears and spit against the trees. The confederates flew to arms. At the front, we could discover the dark forms of horsemen charging.

"Look!"

The word came from Margaret, who spoke in a tone so unusual to her that I glanced quickly at her before following the direction of her eyes. She was quivering with excitement. Then I turned to see what moved her. At that moment the clouds parted, and, through an opening in the trees, a figure stood out plainly in the moonlight, pointing with his sword to the confederate line. Then the horse plunged forward, bearing his rider out of sight.

"The general!"

We all spoke the words simultaneously. Had he been watching for our return, and, knowing of our presence in the confederate camp, made the attack in order to free us? Or was he acting from some purpose of his own? Whatever his intention, we started at once to take advantage of the situation. Plunk and I, with a common impulse, darted to where the horses were tethered, and, mounting Margaret, jumped to the saddle. The intervening confederates prevented our reaching our own men, so we dashed through the trees in a direction opposite to the fighting. Coming to a road, we followed it, and the turmoil behind us gradually died into a faint din. Then we drew rein for consultation.

XVI.

A RACE AGAINST TIME.

Burning with suspicion at Margaret's confidential interview with the confederate officer, I was bent rather on spending valuable time in elimination than in working out the most promising method of making good our escape.

"Margaret," I cried, "what did you say to Col. Archard?"

"I told him something that would have passed us through his lines had it not been for this interruption."

"Oh, Margaret, you are on all sides." She cast an impatient glance at me, and, disdaining to reply, turned to Plunk and began to deliberate with him as to what course we had better pursue; a deliberation in which I could not choose but take part.

Should we attempt to join the general? Margaret and I were both in favor of doing so, but Plunk overruled us, saying that the general had doubtless been persevering in his endeavors to get near the railroad, and had attacked the camp in order to give an opportunity to some other corps of his men to slip by and accomplish his object; that he had no expectation of crushing the enemy, only to distract his attention, and, this effected, he would be off to some other point.

We had but little time to listen to Plunk's explanation of the general's movements, for we heard the sound of horses' hoofs coming from the direction we had been pursuing, and in a few minutes some 20 horsemen came trotting leisurely toward us. By the light of the moon it was easy to see that they were confederates, at their head an of-

ficer whom, even in the dim light, I was horrified at recognizing as Maj. Bernal Berante. It was a critical moment. If he recognized me, not only would all we had gained be lost, but our citizen's dress would enable him to swing Plunk and me from the branch of a tree without trial or benefit of clergy. Margaret, who rode a little in advance, turned her head as she passed him.

"How far to Col. Archard's camp?" he asked.

"Reckon you'll find the picket about a mile above you," replied Plunk, imitating the southern accent.

"Where are you going?" asked the major, regarding me intently.

"What should I do? If I spoke he would recognize my voice. As before I remained silent and Plunk broke in to help me out."

"There's no use asking him any questions," he said. "He's deaf as a ferry-boast."

Plunk's odd comparison probably saved my life. Berante showed his pointed teeth in a smile, and rode on, followed by his escort. I breathed one long sigh of relief, and, riding up to Plunk, threw my arms about him in an ecstasy. Then we rode on and rejoined Margaret.

"Did you recognize a friend?" I asked of Margaret.

"Hark!"

There were sounds of more horses coming. Simultaneously we made for the cover of trees beside the road. Three horsemen trotted towards us and passed within a dozen yards. Two were confederate cavalrymen, the third—great heavens! the third was Enoch Melodew.

Not a word was spoken till the men were out of earshot; then I exclaimed:

"Margaret, wait here while Plunk and I go after that traitor. We can dash in on them from the rear, separate them, and easily capture Melodew."

"You will do no such thing," said Margaret. "What importance is Melodew compared with the information we bear?"

"The young lady is right, lieutenant," said Plunk. "We can't stop to chase him now. We need to do the running ourselves. When the general withdraws they will remember us. Then comes this officer who has half suspected us, tells where we are, and they light out after us. If I can only get you and the girl across the river, I'll see what I can do towards calling on Enoch and reminding him which side he belongs on. Git up, George Henry!"

And he dug his spurs into his horse's flanks.

All realized that we must now place distance between us and the confederates. I spurred on, striking Margaret's horse with the palm of my hand, sending him with a jump in advance of both Plunk and myself.

Oh, Time, stop your clocks for every one but us!

We rode three abreast, Margaret in the center, without a word. Trees, fences, barns, fields, all sailed by us as we galloped onward. Looking up to the sky, there was the same swift motion, for thin clouds, with here and there a black one, were sailing over the disk of the moon. Our faces were expressive of our characters. Mine, I am sure, wore a look of exhilaration, for I felt all the excitement of a race—a race in which life was the prize and death the forfeit. Plunk's was stolid as usual. As for Margaret, I caught glimpses of her face whenever she looked left the moon, and marked a serenity and intensity that I have never seen combined before or since. It expressed a faith, a hope, that she would complete a great purpose. Was it carrying the news of Longstreet's move? Was it in divulging our intentions to the confederates? Had she not already told all to Col. Archard? Or was it in some way connected with the events which had occurred during the first few days of our meeting—the face at the window? I know now; then I could only wonder.

"Where the devil are we going?" Plunk suddenly called.

"Don't know," I panted.

"I see a light," said Margaret.

"Better ask the way," said Plunk.

"I'll dismount and try for information."

"I'll do that myself," I said. "I want to have a look at my map."

We were moving so fast that we reached the light—it was in a log hut—almost before we had finished our talk. I jumped from my horse and ran to the door. Once there, I waited a moment to catch my breath, so as not to excite suspicion, then knocked. The door was opened by an old woman.

"Can you tell me where this road leads to?"

"What 't leads to?"

"Yes."

"The river."

"Good crossing?"

"Good crossing."

"Yes; is there a bridge or a ford?"

"You 'uns kin ford it, I reckon."

"Thank you, I'll be off."

"Yes."

"The river."

"Good crossing?"

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"The river."

"Good crossing?"

"Good crossing."

"Yes; is there a bridge or a ford?"

"You 'uns kin ford it, I reckon."

"Any road north on the other side?"

"Any road north?"

"Yes. Drop your parrot business and talk quick."

"No road runnin' north. This road runs down 't Thatcher's. Thar's nothin' but hills gals' north."

I entered the cabin, took out my map, and held it to the light. The woman was right; after crossing the river there was no road leading north.

"How near the ford are we?"

"How high? You're mighty particular about your English."

"Three miles."

I went out, mounted, and we all rode on while I informed the others of the facts I had learned.

"The rebel camp we were in," I said, "is near McCormick's mill, and that's about two miles from the river. We must be very near the ford. If we can cross, we can keep on this road to Thatcher's, and then up Opossum creek to the main road leading north to the plantation."

"It's pretty hard travelin' in a creek," suggested Plunk.

"We are wasting time," I said, giving my horse a spur. "Never mind what we are going to do till we get to the river."

We pushed on with renewed vigor. The many night rides I had taken with the general while he was trying to get his command away from an overwhelming force came up before me; I could see him throwing back his head to get a look at his favorite star. Though we were galloping, I could not resist the temptation to look up. There in the zenith, peering down at us like an eye in the heavenly dome, was Alpha Lyræ.

"Look, Margaret," I cried. "There is the general's star."

She threw back her head just as I had seen the general do. There was that in the motion which seemed in some mysterious way to link his being with hers. But my attention was diverted, for just then, swinging around a bend, we came upon the ford. The road sloped gradually down to the river, which flowed by as lazily as if no one was in any hurry whatever.

"Now, see here," I said with a certain composure that would occasionally surprise me by breaking the rapid current of impulse within me, "we must lay a plan. It won't do to go blind any farther. What do you propose, corporal?"

"You and the young lady git over the river, find a nigger's cabin, and hide till to-morrow night."

"That's your plan; Miss Beach, what's yours?"

"If we can find a boat, we had better go up the river. When they come here they'll probably think we have crossed. At any rate, there will be three ways for them to track us—across, down and up the river, and they won't know which we have taken. If we can reach Doughty's ford, where we crossed when we came, we will have a straight road home."

"But we must leave our horses, and we'll need them when we take to land again."

"I can walk from the upper ford," said Margaret, "if we can only get there; I've walked there and back from home often. It's only five miles."

"All right, and now for a skiff. Plunk, you go down stream, and I'll go up. But there must be a limit to our search; neither of us had better be away more than ten minutes. If we're not successful within that time we'll abandon the plan."

Plunk went off on his search with more speed than I had ever before seen in his deliberate person. Margaret wished to dismount, and I helped her to the ground, tied her horse to a sapling, and started on my hunt up the river. I followed the high bank, looking down on the margin as I went along, but used up my ten minutes without success. Turning reluctantly, I started back to the ford hoping that Plunk had had better luck. On the way I espied a path leading down to the river that had escaped my notice on my way out; following it to the brink, there in a little cove partly hidden among bushes was a rickety flat-bottomed punt, fastened to a tree by a chain and padlock. I smashed the padlock with a stone, then began to look about for the oars, which I felt must be near, and found a couple of short paddles leaning up against a tree. Getting into the punt, I shoved off shore, and a few strokes, aided by the current, took me down to the ford. Margaret was on the shore waiting, and was overjoyed to see me pulling a boat, for Plunk had returned a few moments before empty handed. He loosened his horse, and mounting, rode down to the river to let the tired beast drink.

"What are you doing?" I asked, surprised.

"I'm going back after that flour-faced deserter."

"You'll be captured."

"Never you mind, lieutenant, I haven't scouted ever since this war began for nothing. When I go back there I'll be somebody different from what I am."

There was no time for debate. Margaret was in the boat, seated in the stern. I began to pull up the stream.

"Good-by," I said to Plunk. "I hope you won't have to tell many lies."

"I can't see, lieutenant," called the corporal, "how y' kin ruckenille yer conscience to takin' another man's boat."

"Oh, go on," And I pulled out of hearing.

CONTINUED

For Sale.

Harry Wilkes, stallion by Rensselaer Wilkes, by Alcantara by George Wilkes, by Hamiltonian 10. Harry Wilkes is 19 months old, stands 15 hands high in his stocking feet and fine as silk. A bargain if taken soon.

W. H. Cole,

207 E. Jefferson, D 3 & W 3.



"A Bit Shaky."

A man looks at his trembling hands and says: "I feel a bit shaky this morning, and shall need a brace." His real need is not nerve stimulant, but nerve strength. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery gives strength to the nervous system. It does not brace up, but builds up. It is entirely free from alcohol and from opium, cocaine, and other narcotics usually found in so-called nerve medicines.

Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." It cures.

David Duggins, Esq., of Jones, Ohio Co., Ky., writes: "When I began taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery I think I had nervous or general debility of three years' duration. I took three bottles of the 'Discovery.' During the time I was taking it, my sleep became more refreshing and I gained fifteen pounds weight, and also gained strength every day."

Free. Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay cost of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for book bound in paper, or 31 stamps for cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

ON THE BRIGHT SIDE

Some of the Things Which Ameliorate the Awfulness of Yesterday's Fire

DETAILS OF CEMENT FIRE

Mr. Vest Tells His Experience and Just How the Fire Operated.

Now that the excitement of the awful fire at Lanyonville is over there are several reasons to believe that it might have been worse. Five men were directly exposed on the roof and many more were near enough to have been injured by the falling chimney. All escaped untouched except the two unfortunates. A careful search of the ruins has failed to reveal any more casualties.

Mr. Matthews had \$3000 life insurance which the lodges will take a pride and pleasure in paying at the earliest possible moment, as this is the first loss either of the chapters at LaHarpe has suffered. The family of Mr. Schaub is left unprotected for, but the kind hearted sympathy of the neighbors and friends will not permit them to suffer, an organized movement having already been started to provide for their immediate wants. The company for which the men worked will see to it that they are given a proper and decent burial.

Mr. J. S. Rodgers, president of the Lanyon Zinc Company, returned Friday from St. Louis, where he heard the news of the disaster. As soon as the insurance has been adjusted, and several of the adjusters will be here Monday and during next week, the work of rebuilding the destroyed plant will be begun. That part of the works which was not destroyed will be operated, the roasting of the ore being done at the Iola works. This will keep some of the employees busy and many of the others will obtain work immediately in the re-constructing operations. An iron building will this time be put up as the nature of the work means the frame over the machine kiln room will always be very dry and inflammable. It is indeed comforting to know that the company is one of such strength and stability that even such a loss as this cannot for a moment embarrass it.

The total loss is now figured at \$50,000 from which the insurance, amounting to about \$20,000 will be deducted. The insurance is divided as follows: Aetna, of Hartford, \$2,500; Commercial Union, of London, \$3,500; Connecticut, of Hartford, \$3,000; Continental, of New York, \$3,000; Hartford, of Hartford, \$3,000; Phoenix, of Hartford, \$3,000; Springfield, Fire and Marine, of Massachusetts, \$3,000. These claims will undoubtedly all be paid promptly and then the work will be resumed.

Mr. Vest's Explanation.

Wm. Vest, night watch at the Cement plant, jailed at the REGISTER office and asked that an exact statement be made of the origin of the fire which destroyed the machinery building Monday night.

The building is one story and basement, fifty by 200 feet. The east end contains the office, and below the office is a cloak and wash room. Here

is where the gas pipe enters. Mr. Vest was in the west room eating his lunch which his son had just brought him. This was at 9 o'clock. He noticed a gurgling sound and hurried through a door into the east room and then turned to the left and had his hand on the wash room door when there was an explosion which jarred him. This was immediately followed by another and heavier explosion which carried him clear across the room, some forty feet. The door was torn open, the walls wrenched and the flooring above lifted up. He staggered to the door of the west room and made his way along the room and his son led him out. There are four large holes, six feet deep in the basement where engines will set, and but for his son he would have fallen into one of these as he was stunned and blind.

There was twenty-three pounds pressure on the gas mains, according to orders, and there was a can of gasoline in the wash room. Nearly all of the twenty or more gas lights had been turned low when the heavy pressure came on and Mr. Vest does not know how the thing started. He ran up stairs, kicked in a window, rang the telephone repeatedly and got no response. The room was already full of smoke and he made his way out and yelled for help. At one time the men who were fighting thought they had the fire under control but it gained headway again. He was badly bruised and laid up all the next day, and makes this statement (lest the impression should be spread that it was carelessness on his part). Lamps were burning all over the building and he did not have a lighted lantern when he went to look for the trouble.

KANSAS CLIPS AND COMMENTS

The Yates Center Advocate has a correspondent who puts up a yell from "Happy Holler" each week.

All Kansas will vote "aye" on the bill recently introduced into Congress to give Mrs. Lawton a \$2,000 a year pension.

The Tarnett Plaindealer may be right about its taking little principle to run a joint, but the interest is simply destructive.

Olathe is sure she is to have a canny and the can can be the only dance allowed in town since the good news came.

Some statistician says that there are more girls born in the State than boys, which seems to be the most modern improvement on the boycott.

Somehow the country which sneers at Kansas' prohibitory law falls into line on the cigarette law and thinks people can be compelled to keep same.

A Leavenworth man is planning to erect a \$10,000 mausoleum in the cemetery. It will be of solid masonry as near fire proof as possible.

One of the most remarkable happenings of the year was the hold-up of an Abilene man by robbers who found that he had only \$2 on his person.

As a solace for the closing of the Klondike Leavenworth has the prospect of having the brewery at Weston, just across the river, again in operation.

The Arkansas City Traveler alleges that a woman who sits in a rocking chair and rocks all the time will drive a man down town quicker than anything else.

The lady editor of the Linsborg News says that she thinks the girls with pretty ankles crossed the streets in the mud a little oftener than was necessary.

Chas. Curtis, who has a nice job at Washington, is finding the thorn that accompanies the rose, in the same way the boil was attached to Job, of Biblical fame.

All the men in the state who have become expert at cracking rock while doing time in the calaboses can get a job at about \$1.20 a day helping pave the streets of Lawrence.

T. B. Murdock, of the Eldorado Republican, fathered the expression "climber faced barnacles," and the Yates Center News was unkind enough to apply the name to its papa.

A young couple called at a Hutchinson grocery and asked for lemons. While the clerk was wrapping them up he inquired if the girl had a squawker for them. Both became very confused and left without paying for the fruit or answering the question.

Tribute to a departing subscriber from the Cimarron Jacksonian: "Jonathan Lees shook the dust of Gray county from his feet and left for Pratt last week. Goodbye, three dollars, goodbye."

The Kansas City Journal says: When the contribution box was returned in an Emporia church the other day it was found to contain two plugged nickels and a slot machine chip. Emporia has more than once worked a flim-flam on Fourth district politicians, but she ought to know that she can't fool the Lord.

The Eldorado Republican offers up a sort of prayer that when then the Almighty gets into the mood which resulted in the death of the first born in Egypt and the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah and in the flood, He will remove the slanderers and hypocrites. "Then," says Mr. Murdock, "this will be a nice world to live in."

Wouldn't this jar you item from the Lawrence Journal: "Let me look at your vaccination mark and see how it is getting along," said a West Lawrence young man to his best girl last night. And he couldn't think why she said "Sir!" in such an indignant voice, and slammed the door as she flounced out of the room until the old family doctor told him that the girls are not vaccinated on their arms any more.

"The Best is the Cheapest."

Experience teaches that good clothes wear longest, good food gives best nutrition, and a good medicine that cures disease is naturally the best and cheapest. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine money can buy, because it cures when all others fail.

Poor Health—"Had poor health for years, pains in shoulders, back and hips